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MR. THELWALL'S ODE

ADDRESSED TO

THE ENERGIES OF BRITAIN

IN BEHALF OF

THE SPANISH PATRIOTS.

First delivered at the Free Mason's Tavern, London, on Saint James's Day—25th July, 1808.

LONDON:
Printed by J. M'Creery, Fleet-Street,
And sold in connexion with the other Publications of the Author,
By Messrs. Arch, Cornhill; and Kent, corner of Kingsgate-street, Holborn.

1808.

280 c. 59.

*** *This Ode being intended to accompany the Poem and Oration on the Death of Lord Nelson, the pages are numbered accordingly.*

ODE, &c.

I. 1.

THE glowing dreams of hope are fled,
That play'd around the youthful head,
And rous'd the kindling soul
To thoughts of high romantic worth;—
Gave boundless expectation birth,
And bade the fragile sons of earth
Pant for Perfection's Goal.

O! thoughts by generous fervour fed,
That thro the bounding bosom spread,—
Till every selfish passion fled
Before your strong control!—

Nor fled alone:—for, in that hour,
Calm Reason lost her guiding Power,
And sage Experience old.
The incongruous world is form'd again
And, instant, from the heated brain
Starts forth "an Age of Gold!"

I. 2.

" Nature no more in conflict writhes.
" Beat—beat to Ploughshares—beat your Scythes,
" Ye rattling Cars of War!—
" No more Oppression lords around,
" Virtue no more in chains is bound,
" Nor Vice with Glory's laurel crown'd,
" Beneath a partial Star!
" For honest Toil the fruitage grows,
" The harvest bends, the vintage glows
" And, while the general Pæan flows,
" Astræa mounts the car!"

Ah! fond mistake:—for, even there,
Where Fancy (with a Mother's care)
Bent o'er her cradled joy,
A changeling Demon lay enswath'd,
His infant lips in slaughter bath'd;
Foster'd—but to destroy.

I. 3.

Hence, while thĕ enthusiast heart beat high
O'er her imagin'd progeny,
And in prophetic ecstacy,
Chaunted the jocund strain,

Herculean, from those swathes he broke :—
But not to snap Oppression's yoke,
And bid the World rejoice ;
Not over City, Grove and Plain
To bid the Halcyon Virtues reign,
And Freedom lift her voice.

No : but to bid the ravag'd World,
From every social comfort hurl'd
Fall prostrate at his Feet ;
To loose, more fierce, the Dogs of War ;
Doubly to scythe the Iron Car,
And urge the Coursers fleet ;
From realm to trampled realm to fly,
With syroch breath and lightning eye,
Blasting whate'er they meet.

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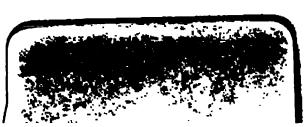

II. 3.

Wide let the conquering banner fly,
Children of ancient Chivalry!
Kindle your wonted energy,
Nation of high renown!

Thine — thine is every nation's pray'r;
And every generous heart shall share
The triumphs of thy worth;
Shouting — as, with terrific frown,
Thy wrath resistless, tramples down
The tyrants of the earth.

But chief shall British bosoms beat,
And kindle with a patriot heat, —
In active effort shown.
Yes Britain, yes, my native land!
For dauntless heart and liberal hand
Among the nations known! —
I see thy mighty arm outspread; —
See thee, in nerve and heart and head,
Make the great cause thy own.

II. 3.

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